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Indians

Navaholand and Zunitown



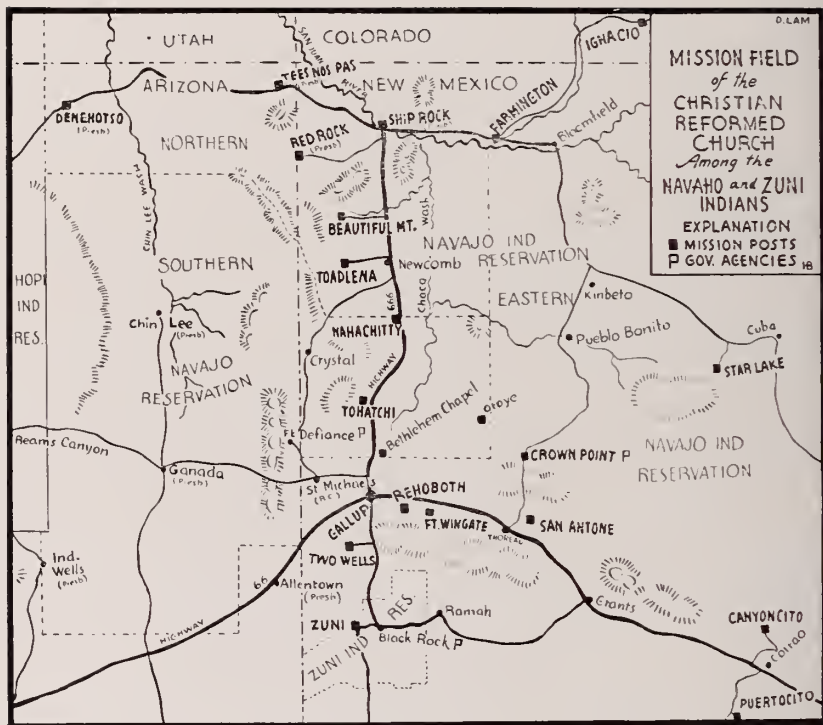
Christian Reformed
Missions
A. D. 1934

Navaholand and Zunitown

Christian Reformed Missions
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Come Along to Navaholand and Zunitown

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS

LOOK at the map on the page opposite this one, dear reader, and study its title: "**Mission Field of the Christian Reformed Church among the Navaho and Zuni Indians.**" That map shows a part of the State of New Mexico—its northwestern portion—and parts of the adjoining State of Arizona. You will even find the states of Colorado and Utah named on the upper portion of the map. That is a big slice of Uncle Sam's territory—much bigger than you think. The part of the Navaho reservation in New Mexico alone must be as large as the whole kingdom of the Netherlands. And that part we call in this booklet "Navaholand." There are about 40,000 Navahoes at present. We presume nearly half of them are found in the part which we call the Navaho mission field of our Church. The Spaniards gave them the name Navaho. That seems to mean, "the great fields," or "the great seed-sowings." Some claim it signifies "stone knife" or something of the kind. But these Indians call themselves "Dine," which simply means "people." They belong to the Athapascan stock of Indians. Their reservation originally covered over nine million acres. But some of the Navaho families live beyond that reservation's boundaries in all directions. The country is some 6,000 feet above sea level. That is, on an average. Because it is a land of mountains, its highest point being 9,000 feet high. In general it is an arid region not well adapted to agriculture, but here and there affording fair pasturage. The Navahoes have many sheep—their chief source of living. Some of them weave beautiful rugs and excell in silversmithing. Many of the Navahoes are stalwart people. Their homes are called hogans—see the picture on the front page.

They are polytheists, that is, people believing in many gods. The most revered of these is "Estsanatlehi" or "Woman who changes." Some have called her "Mother Nature." What they need to know is the heavenly Father, Who so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life.

To have them come to know the Lord, our missionaries in Navaholand labor night and day.

That labor was begun as early as 1896 when our first workers, the Rev. H. Fryling and Mr. A. Vanderwagen, and their partners of life, arrived at Fort Defiance—see the map. In 1903, Rehoboth, our main station, was opened—see the articles of Mr. Bosscher, Dr. Pousma and others. Before Rehoboth was founded, work had been begun at Tohatchi. See how many of our mission stations in Navaholand you can locate on the map.

And then look for Zunitown, about which the Rev. J. W. Brink is writing in this booklet and the two teachers, Miss Vos and Miss Lam.

There are at present over 2,000 Zunies. Most of them live in Zunitown. The Zunies are a pueblo tribe. Their language is very different from that of the Navahoes. They live in a village, in a concentrated place, while the Navahoes are nomadic in their mode of living. Their tribal name really is "Ashiwi," which signifies "flesh," or as one translated it: "the land that produces flesh." The Spaniards who first came in contact with them, as early as 1539, made "Zuni" of that name "Ashiwi." A Roman Catholic mission was established in the year 1629, at Hawikuh. More than one missionary has been killed by the Zuni Indians. But the R. C. Church still labors among them. The Presbyterians also tried to bring them the Gospel. Discouraged because of lack of results, they withdrew. Then, in 1897, the Christian Reformed workers, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Vanderwagen, settled in Zunitown. The rest of the story is told by the Rev. J. W. Brink.

HENRY BEETS.



The New Chapel at Rehoboth, N. M.



The Mission "Home" at Rehoboth

Rehoboth, in Navaholand

REHOBOTH is the centre of the Christian Reformed work among the Indians of the Southwest. The map shows that it lies only five miles east of Gallup, New Mexico, on U. S. highway 66, which is oiled so as to make Rehoboth both accessible in rain or shine.

of which one is for the boys and the other for the girls. If this were all, the children would have a good place to sleep and quarter in and where they could be clothed sufficiently, but they would not be content for very long, for growing boys and girls have a habit of



Rehoboth Mission Buildings. White Building in background, the Chapel.

Manager Bosscher wrote about this corner — or rather center of the work as follows:

“WHAT DO WE FIND AT REHOBOTH?”

“Quite a number of buildings. Rehoboth grew from a small beginning, as a boarding school in 1903 to a school with a capacity of 120 pupils at this time; although our enrollment due to prevailing economic and other reasons, is only 103 this year. To house these pupils we have two buildings; each building with a capacity of 60 beds,

wanting to visit a place at least three times a day where they can fill up to the stomach's content. To supply this need we have what we term here as a *Mission Home*. Ah! this is the place where they need but little if any urging to make them feel at home; for in this building is the dining room, the kitchen, the bake shop, as well as a dining room and reception room for the single employees. (On the second floor are the rooms for the latter; ten in all.) So you can easily imagine what a popular place the Mission Home is.

Our set-up would not be entirely complete if these were all of the buildings at Rehoboth. Looking at it from a child's point of view it might be complete not alone but very ideal; however, it has been decreed that there shall be *schools* for the Navaho children as well as for the white, consequently we have a school building with four rooms which serves the dual purpose of school and office. During normal times we had three teachers each occupying a room, but now since we have only two teachers (for the time being, we hope) one room lies vacant and the fourth is used for the mission office.

It also happens that children as well as grownups get sick, and if there were no other place to go to, of course we would have to put up with present quarters; but we are thankful to have a *hospital* where either a child or grownup with an ache or pain can go to receive medical care. See Dr. Pousma's article.

We should not forget the *church building* shown on p. 4 of this booklet. It is located at the extreme west end of the place, where the Word of God is proclaimed every Lord's Day. Besides this there are five dwellings where the different families have their place of abode. Then there is the power house, laundry and carpenter shop built in L-shape style. We also have a few chicken coops and a shed called the barn, but which is a poor excuse as such. Now look at the bird's-eye view of the place. You can't see the 85,000-gallon capacity reservoir which is always filled with pure

living water, which is forced into the tank by the pressure of an artesian well, a real boon for Rehoboth.

What means all this outlay of money and buildings? Very much! It means that children born in the darkness of heathendom can be given an education in a Christian institution with consecrated workers around them trying to lead them in the Way Everlasting.

Does it pay? We will leave the judging to you. We are the servants of Him Who in His wisdom has placed us here, and trust you will be able to see in a measure as we do.

We are now taking in several children's children. Pupils who have left school and have children are sending their children to us. Some of these have been born and baptized under the covenant relationship, and altho many of these parents are not what we would call strong Christians, nevertheless they are taking enough interest in their children to put them in a school where they can receive a Christian education. Most of these younger parents left school to go back to a heathen home, with little or no sympathy for what they had been taught or had learned to believe. Not so with their children. When they leave this institution they find so much more sympathy at home than their parents before them, consequently God's Word and work is getting a stronger foothold and little lights are beginning to shine and flicker, helping others to see the light.

J. H. BOSSCHER."

Dr. Pousma tells about his Field and Work



Rehoboth Hospital

"COME WITH ME TO MY CORNER OF THE NAVAJO MISSION FIELD!"

AND when you do come, I wonder what your reaction will be. This country rarely leaves people indifferent to it. They either despise it or love it. Some are frightened by the vast expanses of almost uninhabited land; the dryness and heat of the country are oppressive to them; they shudder at the thought of coming into contact with Indians; and when they leave again, they thank God that their lines have fallen in more pleasant places. They pity the missionaries who, thru some strange quirk of mind, are willing to live year after year in this rattlesnake country; or, worse still, who thru force of circumstances are compelled to remain here.

But perhaps your reaction will be of the opposite type. When you get away from your crowded city into these broad plains and rugged hills, you may feel like a man long imprisoned, who has been loosed from his bonds, and now breathes the precious air of freedom. You may love the deep arroyos, the smell of the sagebrush, the howl of

the coyote, the sudden dash of a startled rabbit, the mysterious canons, the pungent pinons, and the rugged pines. You may regard it a privilege to come into contact with the original possessors of our country; you may be delighted with their unique customs and modes of life; you may rejoice to be able to be of genuine assistance to them; and you may revel in the gratitude that they will show you. And then you will envy the missionaries that they have such a wonderful country to dwell in, such interesting people to work with, and above all, such an extremely important mission to carry out.

Doctor Beets said I should write about my own work under the topic given above. Very well. Let us start at *Rehoboth*.

Rehoboth is a little town of twelve buildings and some two hundred inhabitants, all connected with the mission. One of the buildings is a *hospital*, and that is the building that you and I are at present particularly interested in. Let's go inside.

On the *porch* we shall very likely meet some convalescing patients and school children. Surreptitious-

ly they will be looking you over, wondering who you are, and what your business here may be.

You pass by them and enter my office. The outstanding feature of the room is the large number of up-to-date medical books in sectional bookcases. These books are extremely important to me, par-



Alice Hood,
one of our Rehoboth Hospital Nurses,
Graduate Rehoboth Mission School
and Albuquerque Ind. High School.

ticularly as consultants. In cities like Grand Rapids, Paterson or Chicago, it is easy to consult fellow physicians, but not so in this country; and these reference books have been of incalculable value in helping me out of a tight place when dealing with unusual illnesses.

Next we go to the *children's ward* and see every crib occupied. Each child has a different ailment. One is desperately sick with pneumonia; another is stretched out on

an iron frame, as tho on a rack, with a tubercular spine; another lies in a cast with a tubercular hip; another is covered with eczema; another has a broken leg; and still another is an orphan, four months old, whom we are feeding until he is old enough to stand the food that his relatives are able to give him in camp. He is a healthy little youngster and shows keen delight when you pick him up. You may adopt him and take him home with you if you wish.

The *men's ward* has seven patients and may not interest you very much. We go on to the largest ward in the building, the *women's ward*, and you are especially impressed with the large number of baby cases handled in our hospital—about seventy each year. In this room we also have our piano and songbooks; and it is here that our *religious meetings* are held six times a week. At one end of the room is a bookcase filled with Christian literature. Two or three of the patients are reading books taken from it. Perhaps you would like to stop at a few bedside and talk with the patients. Several of them speak English and appreciate a personal talk.

There are three attractive private rooms for missionaries and members of their families who may become sick. Sometimes we rent these rooms to other white patients at four dollars a day. They appreciate the service, and the revenue they produce is very important to our hospital in these days.

The *operating room* is very light and fairly well equipped. It is a bit small for the best work, and we surely could use a more modern operating table.

We must not miss the *nursery*. Most visitors find that the most interesting room in the whole hospital. It is kept spotlessly clean by our efficient nurses. If you are lucky, you may find as many as ten babies in their little cribs. And are they cute? I'll say! With their well formed chubby brown faces and gleaming black eyes, you would have to have a heart of stone not to love them.

We have three white nurses and four Indian assistants in our hospital, and you should be introduced to them. With from thirty to forty patients, and twenty-four hour service, they have their hands more than full. We feel that we have a very well selected staff and that they give excellent care to our patients.

If you remain at the hospital all day, you will find that caring for bed patients is only part of our work. During the day a dozen or more school children will come in with sore eyes, and with cuts and bruises. Perhaps there are eyeglasses to fit; or a broken arm to be put in splints. Camp Indians will come to be examined and treated for ailments not severe enough to demand their remaining in the hospital.

Tuesday is an interesting day in our work. Two large grips are filled with medicines and surgical supplies, and we start off for *Nahaschitty*, fifty miles away. Mr.

George Oppenhuizen is in charge of that station and wants us to hold a clinic there each week. Read his own article elsewhere in this booklet.

Usually there are from five to fifteen patients waiting for us in



Dr. R. H. Pousma and Indian Child

the *Nahaschitty* mission chapel. If they come early enough, and usually they do, Mr. Oppenhuizen holds a gospel service with them before we arrive. Their troubles are many. Almost always there are teeth to pull. Sometimes Navajos will travel twenty-five or more

miles on horseback to have us pull an obstreperous tooth. And occasionally these teeth are obstreperous to the doctor as well as to the patient. I have worked as long as

in certain hogans there are people too sick to come to the clinics and they wish the doctor to come to their homes.

It is always interesting to visit



Three of our Rehoboth workers:

Miss Rena Wilderom, Miss Marie Brink, R. N., Miss Agnes Oppenhuizen

an hour or more getting out a single tooth; and in the course of getting it out, broke my biggest forceps. At times like that we learn something about Indian stoicism.

From Nahaschitty we go to the Indian trading store at *Sheep Springs*, five miles north, where another group of Indians are waiting for treatment.

When we get thru with those cases, our work for the day is not yet completed. A few outcalls must be attended to. Messengers have let the missionary know that

the Navajos in their homes. Missionaries are usually welcome there; and when they come by invitation to treat the sick, they are, of course, doubly welcome. It is not at all uncommon for us to be called to examine a single individual, and when we get there find there are several more to treat. If time allows, we all sit in a circle round the hogan fire while a gospel message is brought. If there are too many patients for that, Mr. Oppenhuizen will visit the home later and bring them the story.

R. H. POUSMA.

The Work in our Rehoboth Navaho Boarding School



Rehoboth School Children

"Have you room for my children?"

"Yes, I think so. But we are charging a little money this year to enroll your children."

"Oh, that is all right. I heard about it and here it is." And she produces a piece of flour sack in the corner of which the money is securely tied. We then hand her a slip of paper with the children's names to be taken to the dormitory where the matron is already at the bath tub initiating the little newcomers into the first rites of civilization.

Here comes an other party, a father and mother with two little girls who have been our pupils for sev-

eral years, and a little boy of whom they are extremely proud. They have taught him to say his name in English and to repeat several letters of the alphabet. When told of the enrollment fee, the parents shake their heads and say they can't pay it. We remonstrate with them, explaining that it really is but a small sum for all that we do for their children. But to the Indian who has always received gratis, and never experienced the satisfaction or self-respect which results from at least helping to pay for what one gets, our words mean but little, and they leave the room saying that they probably have to take their children to a government school where there

is no charge. The little ones follow looking very downcast.

It is but a few minutes before they are back.

"The little girls cry and say they want to stay here. See, here are their bracelets which they want to give you to keep until we can earn some money. Will that be all right?"

We are touched by this childish sacrifice, and asking the father to add to it a very beautiful bracelet he is wearing, we enroll the children and are as happy as the little ones whose faces are now all smiles.

By the end of the day we have taken in more than we had planned, but it is hard to turn them down, and we are willing to do our utmost to crowd them into our two school-rooms where formerly we had three. However, there is a limit and we firmly resolved to put on a stern front if any more came.

We take a peep at the dormitories and find the children in groups exchanging experiences of the summer much as our children would do except with less demonstration. They admit they were lonesome for each other during the summer and are glad to be back.

On the morrow school is formally opened and Rehoboth, which was such a forsaken place for a couple of months, is again teeming with life and activity.

We wonder what the vacation has meant for them. What has it meant for their people? Have they made good use of their store of Bible stories and their collection of Sunday School picture cards which were diligently saved from week to week so that they might be taken

home in the summer and explained to their parents?

Doubtless many were too timid or received only disparaging words. Some we know have done their best to be little missionaries, for on a Sunday afternoon shortly after school had dismissed, a few of us workers visited a nearby camp and were told that the little girl had just finished telling her mother a "Jesus story" as she sat weaving. We then asked her to interpret for us as we brought them a brief message and sang a few hymns.

One would suppose it would take considerable time for the children to readjust themselves to school-life after a summer of life right in the open, but every year we notice that this period becomes increasingly short. They often tell us that caring for the sheep day after day becomes tiresome and that they long for school and their playmates. On the whole they take great interest in getting an education, and we teachers are often besieged right after breakfast by ambitious pupils who want help in some particular subject which they find hard. They are very good listeners, and we know you would be inspired to see their rapt attention during Bible Study period. They are loving and lovable. The future of the race depends upon these young lives, and we are grateful for the small share we may have in sowing the seed of the Gospel among them, and pray that the Lord of the harvest may in His own time and way abundantly bless these efforts.

RENZINA STOB.

Drenthe's Missionary writes about his Work

THAT missionary is the Rev. J. R. Kamps who came from China in 1927, little thinking that Rehoboth and vicinity would be his permanent mission field. Our brother is the pastor of the Rehoboth flock in charge of the Congregation there, its religious work in the school and the camp-work in and around Rehoboth, insofar as not covered by Cand. Yff — see his article. Rev. Kamps writes:

"At Rehoboth we have over 100 children to whom we give religious instruction. Five catechism classes are held each week beside the regular preaching of the Gospel on Sunday. While we are responsible for the religious work here, we have the co-operation of a force of loyal fellow-workers. In the school and in the dormitory and every department of our work it is our aim to lead those with whom we work to Christ. Many of our fellow-workers are not so well known to the Church at large, but they are missionaries with us and they deserve a place in the hearts and prayers of our people.

From Rehoboth we work out into the surrounding territory. For the past two years we have carried on camp-work in part of the Gallup district, since this post is vacant at present. There, about 10 miles north of Gallup and 2 miles east, stands *Bethlehem Chapel*. Here the Word of Life is proclaimed every Sunday morning, and a group of faithful Christians and some of their friends and neighbors gather

regularly for this hour of worship. The backbone of this little missionary project is the family of Mr. and Mrs. Claude Haven and some of



Navaho Mother and Baby

their relatives. The work here always reminds us that others have labored and we have entered into their labors. Mrs. Claude Haven, née Chilly Tso, was converted under the ministry of Rev. H. Fryling at Ft. Defiance, and even now the fruit of that work is multiplied. For many years Mrs. Haven has struggled on and as increased attention was given her family by the missionary, her husband after years of opposition, came to stand with her as a Christian. Appointed to become a medicine-man he now faithfully interprets the Gospel

message each Sabbath day to his people.

The main field for camp-work in our part of the Rehoboth district lies north and east of Rehoboth. Travelers along highway U. S. 66 have noticed our beautiful red rocks east of Rehoboth. Much of the



**Bethlehem Chapel Group
Part of Rev. Kamps' field**

northern slope of these red rocks is a bare gray rock thickly wooded with pine trees. Hence the name, *Pinedale*, given to a part of the country north of these rocks. Some 25 children in a government day school receive Christian instruction in the weekly Bible class there. Throughout this valley and throughout our whole district are boys and girls, men and women, who years ago have confessed Christ, but they have almost been swallowed up in heathenism. Intense camp-work is a means in the hand of God to bring back some of these weak struggling Christians and at the same time the interest of others is aroused.

At Pinedale, too, a small struggling group of Christians is seeking to become established as an outpost of our Rehoboth church. For several months meetings have been held in a hogan, and each Lord's Day Keith Begay faithfully and freely interprets our message for

us. In this work we have had our disappointments, but we are not discouraged.

Besides these Sunday meetings, hogan to hogan visiting is carried on regularly and as intensively as our time allows. Special meetings are arranged at Christmas and other festal days, and camp meetings are held during the summer. In all this work we have as our faithful native helpers. Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Peshlakai. Mrs. Peshlakai is a Hopi Indian but she feels right at home among the Navajos and helps as she is able. Thus all our Indians are reached, but we try to give most attention to those who respond favorably.

We have tried to picture our work at the school and in the camps. In our outposts we use small field chapels, government chapter houses or hogans as meeting places. As yet the work with our reservation Indians seems small compared with the well-organized and more advanced work carried on at the schools, but we anticipate the time is coming when our outposts will develop into organized churches and they in turn will support and direct the affairs of the institution for whose erection and maintenance our people have labored and sacrificed. That may seem very idealistic and the time may be quite far off, but it's an ideal toward which we are working and which under God's indispensable blessing we hope to realize, — a self-supporting, self-propagating Navajo Christian Church.

JACOB R. KAMPS."

Come Along to the Fort Wingate District of Navaholand

IF you do come along, dear reader, I will show you the Fort Wingate part of the great missionary enterprise which our Church is carrying on among the Navajo Indians. With our faithful old Ford we travel eastward from Rehoboth, see map, on the great transcontinental highway, number 66. We travel from Rehoboth for a distance of about seven miles and then turn south and begin to climb a rather gentle slope. As we reach the top of this slope we can see the Fort Wingate School, or to use the official name, the "Chas. H. Burke Navajo Vocational School," lying in the valley down below. This institution which consists of a group of about forty buildings has been laid out in the form of a horse-shoe, and is snugly nestled at the foot of a great mountain range which extends eastward for twenty miles or more.

Let us take a look at the *buildings*. Fort Wingate was at one time a military post, but was later changed into an Indian school. As we enter the campus there is at our right a huge soldiers' barrack which has been remodeled into a boys' dormitory. About 150 feet beyond this building there is another large barrack which is used as a girls' dormitory. In between these two buildings a large dining room has been erected where about 600 children can be fed at one sitting. Just south of the girls' dormitory is the

Home Economics Building, where girls are taught to sew and to cook. As you look in this direction you see



Navaho Young Man

the Roman Catholic church building, a stone chapel right next to the plot of ground which the government has given to the Christian Reformed

Church as a site for their chapel.

Of course, you are primarily interested in the *religious work* at Fort Wingate. Let us therefore enter the school building and proceed to the assembly hall. All the Protestant students come together in this assembly hall every Sunday morning at 9:30 A. M. The meeting is opened with a fifteen-minute song service and prayer. Sometimes we have special musical or vocal numbers by the students or by the Sunday School teachers. After the opening exercises the students are dismissed to the various class-rooms, where they are taught the Sunday School lesson. This year there are about 225 Protestant students and an equal number of Catholics. Our group is divided into nine classes. There are eight teachers who assist me in the work; six from Rehoboth and two from Fort Wingate. I myself teach the boys in the tenth, eleventh and twelfth grades. Thus far we have been using the International Sunday School Lessons, with, however, considerable adaptation. On Thursday evenings we come together in the assembly hall again. After the opening exercises the students are again divided into nine groups. This year we have been giving our boys and girls a course in Old Testament History on Thursday evenings. On Wednesday evenings the teachers meet in my home to study the lesson that is to be taught.

But is the gospel bearing any fruit at Fort Wingate? We are very thankful that it is. In 1933 thirty-one boys and girls made confession of faith and were baptized,

and this year I am conducting a preparatory class for about thirty boys and girls who have requested to be baptized. Of course, it is not possible to accept all who apply for baptism, but it is our earnest prayer that a goodly number of also this class may receive the sign and seal of God's covenant.

Now, dear reader, I have shown you only about half of my work. I would also like to take you along on one of my *camp trips*. Every Tuesday and Friday my interpreter and I go out on the reservation and bring the gospel from hogan to hogan. This work is exceedingly interesting, for it brings us much closer to the individual than does the group work at the government schools. Last December two young men of my camp district made confession of faith and were baptized. I had to give catechetical instruction to these boys outdoors while they were watching their sheep. Besides the house to house work on Tuesdays and Fridays, I also conduct two meetings on the reservation on Sundays. One meeting is held at *Perea*, about 15 miles east of Rehoboth, and the other is held at the home of the widow of our former interpreter. At *Perea* we have had an average attendance of about thirty, and at Mrs. Becenti's home the attendance has ranged from ten to fifteen.

Please remember these meetings in your prayers. Remember that besides the meetings which I conduct, there are at least a dozen other meetings held on the reservation every Sunday.

GEORGE YFF.

Rev. Hayenga's Field: Gallup, Two Wells, etc.

THE Rev. Calvin G. Hayenga and family are at present living in Gallup, N. M., a lively city on the Santa Fé railroad — see map.

He writes: "A gospel service is conducted in our Gallup chapel every Sunday evening. We also have a mid-week Wednesday evening service. Our work in Gallup is mostly with educated Indians, especially the girls working in the



An Indian Camp near Two Wells post

Gallup homes. We visit them from time to time, try to find respectable homes for them to work in. Our Gallup Indians have many temptations and need much encouragement, and working with them one must exercise a great deal of patience. My wife is helping me greatly with the Gallup work, and she is interesting the girls in the fine arts of sewing, and they seem to enjoy this very much. We only wish that we could reach more of the young men here in Gallup and also the camp Indians who come to do their trading at Gallup."

In connection with Gallup our brother's work takes place at *Two*

Wells, New Mexico, some twenty-three miles southwest of Gallup.

"We here also have a hogan chapel in which we conduct our services. This hogan chapel is built of logs and mud just like the home of the Navajo Indian, only much larger. We can seat about eighty people ordinarily, and when necessity demands it we can arrange for about one hundred by placing chairs in the aisles, etc. A little way from our Mission we have our Indian Trading Post and a Government Sheep Dip. A little farther to the south is a small Indian day school built of adobe.

You may be interested to know where Two Wells got its name, and I will tell you. In the early years water was very scarce, and so Indians dug two water wells and planted some trees around them and for many years from all directions the Indians brought their sheep to water and would carry some home for drinking purposes; consequently, it derived its name, Two Wells. The name Two Wells is known over the entire reservation, and the water of these wells is still being used today.

Every Sunday morning, early, my faithful interpreter, Leo Tso Begay, rings the bell for worship. This bell can be heard for many miles in the clear atmosphere of this country, and the Indians call it 'the come to church bell.' This bell was dedicated to our departed brother William Mierop, who was our first missionary to labor here and did a

lot of camp work in this territory. About 10:00 A. M. on Sunday morning we can see the Indians coming — some on horse back, others in wagons carrying their families, and as a general rule we have a fair audience and our services often last two hours or even more; after which we have a mutton stew, chili beans, bread, and frequently the mutton is donated by the Indians. During the service we sing Navajo songs. I bring a simple Gospel message, a real heart to heart talk which is always interpreted by my interpreter.

Our work at Two Wells is as yet pioneer work, but we already see that God's promise is true when He said that His work would not return void. In our hogan chapel we have a sort of a picture frame hanging on the wall. This frame was made by one of our Indians from branches of a cotton-wood tree. In this frame we have the names of those who are willing, through God's grace, to be called Christians, Indians who are willing to follow the Jesus' way. To have their names appear in public that way is not an easy matter, and they are often ridiculed by their own people. When I made public confession of faith, my folks were all happy and my parents wept for joy, but often not so on the Navajo field. We have but four names appearing on this frame, thus far; but to me this is very encouraging, and often just before we close our service we also call upon these to speak to their people regarding that which God has done for them, namely — saved by grace.

Outlying Chapels

In my district we also have two outlying chapels, one to the west about seven miles, built of rock. The other to the east about thirteen miles, built of pine slabs. Here we hold services at appointed times, and our preaching there has not been in vain, and gradually these chapels serve as a center, or a unit for the community. We really should have more such inexpensive chapels.

In my district, some years ago, the government allowed some white settlers to move in and homestead. This, of course, necessitated the building of various rural schools where both white and Indian children attend. Besides our regular camp work we must go to these schools and give Bible instruction weekly. The same is also done in the Indian Day School at Two Wells.

At Two Wells we also have a sort of dispensary for first aid, but in serious cases of illness we take our sick to our Rehoboth Hospital where they are well cared for, both physically and spiritually. When the Indians do their trading at the trading post, they often come to our Mission for medicine, a cup of coffee, a little friendly chat, or maybe they want the missionary to write a letter for them to one of their children away at some non-reservation school. These little visits give us a wonderful opportunity to bring them the Gospel, and when my interpreter and I are not at home, my wife and my interpreter's wife gladly serve in our place.

REV. C. G. HAYENGA."

Tohatchi, N.M.----The Work Day by Day



Our Tohatchi Mission Church

TOHATCHI used to be called "Little Water." That's what the name means in the tongue of the Americans. Tohatchi is the Indian name. It is our oldest post at present in Navaholand. Mr. J. E. De Groot used to labor here, and Dr. L. S. Huizenga. During several years the Rev. L. P. Brink was the missionary in charge. Since 1926 it is the post of the Rev. W. Goudberg, representing the Classis of Holland, as does Mr. George Oppenhuizen at Nahaschitty, a branch of the Tohatchi post. There is a fine church building at Tohatchi, a good missionary home, and an interpreter's home — the latter

the former missionary manse.

About the work, day by day, missionary Goudberg writes as follows:

"At nine o'clock *Sunday mornings* the church bell summons the children of the nearby government school to religious services.

The church is well-nigh filled. Yes, our audience consists mostly of Indian school children. Some employees have come also, and a few camp Indians in their blankets. Our opening exercises we have together. Now we go to our various class-rooms. Mrs. Goudberg takes her class in a room upstairs. She is Sunday School teacher, organist, nurse, housewife, mother, and To-

hatchi postmistress. Mrs. Barnes, a government employee, takes her class in a room downstairs, while brother Henry, our native assistant, keeps his class in the main auditorium of the church and teaches it in the Navaho language. The missionary takes the adult class with him in a back room, and you are invited to join this class. And so,



**Group of Indian Christians
on steps of Tohatchi Church**

old and young, all receive a message from the Word of God according to their needs. After our study period we come together once more, listen to hear the children say their golden text as in contest, and are dismissed.

2:30 Sunday afternoon. Come with me to the Tohatchi Hospital. Some of our school children and a few camp Indians are patients there. They need the Gospel too. We go from bed to bed, praying that we may speak just the word needed in each individual case. That man, at the end of the ward, expresses his gratitude for the prayer offered in his behalf last Sunday. He was then in a serious condition, and is now well on the road towards recovery.

Seven o'clock Sunday evening. Come with us to our evening service. Darkness has fallen on the desert, but the church is all lighted up, and the light shines invitingly through the beautiful stained windows. We have practically the same audience as we had this morning, with this difference, that we have fewer young children — they are in bed now — and more adults. 'How these Navahoes sing!' Yes, indeed, singing plays a very important part in the Navaho religion, and we do a great deal of singing in our services, both in the English and in the Navaho language. In a simple way the missionary now preaches Christ and Him crucified.

Monday morning. The 6 o'clock whistle has just blown. Somebody is at the door, knocking . . . knocking. We open the door. An Indian woman comes in. She is weeping. She sobs out her story. Her baby has died. We are startled. Last week the father came to the mission for medicine . . . for the baby. We were out of that particular medicine, and a deficit in our medicine fund. Now it is dead. Would we come and bury it?

Come with me to the burial. I go and dig the grave, you make the coffin. The parents dress the little corpse after they have washed it. Now we are ready for the funeral. Happily, the parents, though weak in the faith, are Christians. We can speak words of comfort, of hope, but also of warning. The Navaho religion has no comfort, no hope in the hour of death. Yes, the parents mourn but there is a glimmer of hope in their eyes.

When we are through with our sad work, it has become noon, and when we go home, the speedometer tells us that we have traveled more than fifty miles.

Let us spend this afternoon in doing some camp-work. Brother Oppenhuizen is the Campworker in our district, but let us help him a bit. Go with me into that hogan, sit down on that sheepskin, tell the occupants what the Christian religion means to you. Give testimony of what Christ has done for your soul. Brother Henry will interpret for you.

Tuesday morning. The 7:30 whistle blows. Time to go to work. Come with me to the office. This is a little building standing in the center of the mission compound. It serves as a study, dispensary, postoffice, and reception room where we receive our Indian visitors. Much personal work is done in this little building. We generally try to put the first hour of each day in Navaho study. And though we are vigilant in guarding that hour, we often have to spend it like yesterday morning in some other work. We are studying our Navaho Catechism, our interpreter is asking the questions, we endeavor to give the answers in the Navaho language.

There is a knock at the door. A medicine-man comes in asking for some medicine. It may seem strange but often medicine-men come to the missionary for medicine. It has happened that a medicine-man sent the interpreter of the R. Catholic priest for my wife to help him with one of his cases. Our medicine-

man, who has come this morning, complains about the lack of rain. The Navaho gods are angry because white men are blasting roads over the sacred mountains. That is the reason we get no rain. We point him to the only true and living God.



Rev. W. Goudberg and Family

Tuesday evening. Come with us to a meeting at *Mexican Springs*. Some 500 men are working there on an erosion control project. We have a meeting in a tent. A small distance away from us is a Navaho ceremony in progress. We can hear the shouting of the medicine-men. Notwithstanding we have a good meeting. Shay Etsitty, one of the Christian Navahoes, gives a good testimony.

Wednesday morning. Another attempt to study Navaho. More

callers, more opportunity for personal work. This afternoon we go to Gallup, twenty-five miles away, to do some shopping. We need some supplies. A sick man has asked us to take him to our Rehoboth Hospital. We make a call on some patients in that hospital. In the evening we have a 'sing' in the Rehoboth church.

community house there, in which we have monthly meetings.

Let us first visit a number of hogans in this territory to announce the meeting. Our meeting is not very successful. By mistake we are burning wood of a Devil's home in the fireplace. The smoke instead of going up in the chimney enters



**Twin Lake Community Building, Tohatchi-Nahaschitti field,
with Indian church attendants**

Thursday. More Navaho study. More visitors. Moreover, an article has to be written for a church-paper. A sinister movement is on foot in Washington which if not stopped will very much impede the progress of the Kingdom of God here. Our people must be aroused to prayer and to action. Tonight we have two more meetings in the Tohatchi church. We use the stereopticon a great deal in our Thursday evening meetings.

Twin Lake Community House

Friday. Come with us to *Twin Lakes*. The Indians have a large

the building. Everybody is coughing and shedding tears. Smoke of cedar wood is pungent. The meeting is surely bewitched. We hope to do better next time.

Have you any meetings on *Saturday*? Yes, Navaho reading classes. Also classes for those who desire to become Christians.

Thank you for your visit. It gives you an idea of the work at Tohatchi. Come again. May the Lord bless you on the way home.

W. GOUDBERG."

Missionary Oppenhuizen writes about Nahaschitti



Our Nahaschitti Mission Property

WHAT that place looks like the accompanying picture shows.

Nahas-chitti is the center from which brother George Oppenhuizen's camp-work is carried on. It has a population of between 400 and 500 Navahoes within a radius of ten miles. The entire district for camp-work has a population of 2,500, and as many square miles. His helper is a graduate from the Rehoboth Mission School, also a graduate from the Albuquerque Indian High School. Equipment: an automobile, indispensable to the work. An average of 485 homes visited each year; an average of 6,238 people reached with the Gospel annually, either for the first or repeatedly; the lowest number reached during any one year was 2,274, the highest 8,260. Annually 145 days are spent in camp-work, either home visits or holding camp-meetings. Adult Navahoes baptized 23; in 1928 alone 15 received baptism. Centralized work is carried

on at Nahas-chitti, Tohye, Mexican Springs, White Rock, and upon the Mountain Ridge.

Nahas-chitti equipment: A home for the missionary, Helper's home, a Chapel, and a Camp-house for Indians — see the picture.

Various activities: A Sunday School, average attendance 24; Sunday afternoon Gospel service, and a week-day Bible class. Both languages are used in all meetings, except the children's class taught by Mrs. Oppenhuizen. Special services held: Christmas time, attendance 300 to 500; Thanksgiving Day, attendance 100; Easter Day, attendance 50. Camp-meetings held: at Cottonwood Pass — 4 days, attendance 20 to 100; Hosteen Dele's — 2 days, attendance 15 to 70; Etcitty Bidagai's — 2 days, attendance 10 to 42. Camp-meetings held for one night only at five different points, average attendance 43. Attempt to bring Gospel in every home, Christians encouraged, counselled, ad-

monished, and pray with and for them when occasion permits.

An average of 50 patients are taken to the hospital annually.

Medical work: Dr. R. H. Pousma holds clinic here and at Sheep-



John Tsoosie and Family, Nahaschitti

spring Trading Post once a week; very effective work is done, it also prepares the way for Gospel work.

Results: Adult Navahoes baptized, 9. In 1927 — 2 young men; in 1928 a group of 4 were baptized; in 1930 two young men, and February, 1934, a mother received baptism. Two women are now preparing to take this step. The Sunday offerings for this past year show an average of 45 cents contributed by natives. Every year Christian Navahoes make liberal donations for a noonday meal on Christmas, for all who come. Deaths: a Christian mother and her little daughter

of three passed away from here to realms above. Sad for those remaining, glory for the departed.

There are many disappointments, but also blessings abundant, for which we are grateful to our God.

Tohye. Located 28 miles southeast from here.

Equipment: One building called *Hope Chapel*. Meetings held every other week. In this isolated community there are between 15 and 20 Christians. In 1928 — eleven adults were baptized; in 1930 — two women baptized, and in 1931 a young man was baptized. Meetings here have been difficult to hold due to varying reasons; at present an average of 15 is maintained. One of this group was at one time a missionary helper, though not so employed now, he is doing splendid Christian work at home. An offering is taken at every meeting, averaging 80 cents. The offering is directed to the purchase of an organ for use in the Chapel. Christmas services are attended by 75. The Christians make liberal donations for a noonday meal at Christmas time for those who come. Native Christians have contributed up to 50% in materials, labor, and money toward the erection of this Chapel, which will comfortably seat 50 people. Most delightful times have been spent here in Christian fellowship.

Mexican Springs. Southwest from here 26 miles.

Much camp-work has been carried on here, and an annual camp-meeting inaugurated; attendance of 20 to 100. This appeared to be a very promising field at one time,

especially when 12 natives decided for Christ. Instruction was desired and given, but during this time two of their number died. We believe these two were saved, but the effect of these deaths upon the others resulted in breaking up the class. May the Lord remember them and yet save them! Pray for them, will you? Last year the first Christmas celebration was held here, 90 attending. During the course of the winter a government project has furnished work for hundreds of men, and it has given us the opportunity to bring a Gospel message in as many as five different centralized camps. It was of special interest to us to meet with native Christians from fields other than our own.

White Rock. East from here 30 miles; to get there one must at certain times travel 40 miles. Contacts have been made in the homes, at Chapter meetings, and Conservation Camps. For several months this winter we have visited a Conservation Camp regularly and were well received. There are some educated Christian young people here from either Crown Point or some non-reservation school. Much more can be done here. It is a very interesting group.

Crystal. West from here 26 miles over a mountain ridge 10,000 feet high. No missionary equipment. Work done: One weekday Bible class held for children attending a government day school. One evening meeting held for all who will come, an illustrated Bible message is given. Gospel brought from

home to home, and prayer offered when occasion permits.

The Roman Catholic Mission is the only other mission in this entire field with us. They are planning a mission also at Nahas-chitti.

Do you still wonder that the auto is listed under equipment? Annually more than 17,000 miles of



The Oppenhuizens

travel are required to put over a full program of camp-work as given above. Hospitals: Tohatchi 20 miles south and Rehoboth 48 miles south and east. Most of the sick are taken to the Tohatchi hospital.

The Lord's Supper is held at three different places: Tohatchi, Nahas-chitti, and Tohye, Rev. William Goudberg officiating.

G. OPPENHUIZEN.

Visiting the Crown Point Field



Crown Point Mission Buildings. Missionary Bolt's home at right.

SOME 60 miles northeast of Gallup lies Crown Point, where for nearly 20 years we have made our home and found our field of labor among the Navajo Indians. See the picture of the mission buildings. The chapel to the left is the gift of the late Mrs. H. Peerebolte. At Crown Point the Government maintains a boarding school for Navajo children. Outside of two stores, where the Indians do their trading and buying, there is nothing here but this school and our home and a small chapel. However, this Government School is a rather imposing plant of some 40 buildings. There are 360 children enrolled at the present time, and there are about 60 Government employees.

In all directions from the school,

from 5 to 75 miles, are the homes whence these children come.

For those who have been here it is easy to visualize the whole set-up from the few words we have written. But if one has never been here, pages of word pictures and photos would be required to make things somewhat plain.

To the parents of all these children we are well known, not because we have visited them so often in their homes, but rather because they have visited us, and because the children have talked about us. For our main work has been with these children at the school. The children range in age from 6 to 20. Ours has been the privilege these many years of teaching them the Bible. The time allotted us, and the large number of pupils, makes our task rather diffi-

cult. However, we believe we have succeeded in transmitting to all who came under our care the great principles of the Christian religion. The heart of the matter, the Gospel, Jesus Christ the Savior, we have brought home to them as simply as we know how. All our instruction is permeated with evangelism. Our one desire being that they might know Jesus whom to know is to have everlasting life. To know Him is to love Him, and to love Him is to serve Him, and walk in newness of life. And to walk after Jesus is to have peace and joy beyond words, and the hope of glory beyond this life's sunset.

Let others spend time and effort to teach them things that will fit them for this world, our calling we feel to be to fit them for the world to come. And we believe, too, there is no greater influence for a good life in this world than heirship of eternal life. The feet that walk the way to the city of God will make a straight path through this world, too. Teaching them to seek first the Kingdom of God will have the effect besides that they will live soberly and righteously in this life.

It's a glorious work to make Christ known to these young people. Hundreds have passed through Crown Point and have been under the influence of the Gospel from our lips for years. Now they are scattered over this wide country, in the midst of paganism, living the lonely, roaming life of the shepherd. But the story of the Gospel is hidden in their hearts, it comes back to them hauntingly, and to hold them, and to encourage them.

It's often a lonely life, far from Christian fellowship, far from the old school and the Mission. All alone they must fight their spiritual battles. Sometimes we wonder how much they remember, how strongly they believe, how real Jesus is to them. But we are encouraged to believe that much is saved, because from unexpected sources there is at times an outshining of faith that thrills the heart.

Far out in a rough, almost inaccessible country lived a young woman. She was taken seriously ill, so that everybody, she herself, too, despaired of her life. The hogan was full of people. Medicine-men were present to sing over her. To a friend of ours who happened in, she said: "I am trusting in Jesus. Tell the Bolts I am thankful to them for telling me about Jesus. And when I die, you must bury me in Crown Point." The hope of glory in her heart, she would have her body rest near the place where the light of the glory of Jesus first shone in her heart.

She is still living. A believer in Jesus.

Said a young dying mother: "I am so glad I came to Crown Point years ago, where you told me about Jesus. I know He has forgiven my sins. I am going home to Him. I give my baby to Jesus. Tell my baby that I am with Jesus, and she must believe in Jesus too."

This will help you to understand what we are doing, and have been doing these 20 years in Crown Point, our aim, and our encouragement.

J. BOLT.

The San Antone Mission Post

OUR "corner" of Navaholand is by no means a small one. Approximately forty by seventy-five miles, if we include the Starr Lake district. This is not including the Canonicito and the Puertecito districts. In this territory are supposed to be about 4,500 Indians. Most of this territory is off the reservation proper, which means that the Indians are more scattered than on the reservation. They have, on the whole, more range.

This means more travel to reach them. And because the Continental Divide runs through this section, we have much mountainous country. In the winter months most of the Indians live on the mountainsides, while in the summer time they can be found near their corn fields, in the valleys.

State Highway 35 runs through this "corner," which is classified as a third class graded road. This is the only road that can be classified as improved. My average mileage per month is (should be) 1,700 miles. To save expenses I sometimes neglect the far-away camps, and those that are hard to reach. I realize this is not as it should be, but when money is scarce one is often necessitated.

San Antone, our mission station, is located in the southwest corner of our territory. There we have our home; the interpreter's home, which consists of two rooms built on to the garage; and a small chapel. I wish I could state that this chapel is much in demand, but

I cannot. Sunday afternoons we hold services in it, but the chapel is by no means filled. It is true, in order to fill it, some Indians would have to walk some distance; but if there were any interest to speak of, many more could come. Occasional special events bring more people, so that at times the room is filled. But if these Indians are to have the Gospel, we have to bring it to them in their homes, or where they happen to be congregated.

We have in our home an Indian room, containing a sewing-machine, a phonograph, games, reading and writing materials, etc. This room draws many an Indian, and gives us a fine opportunity to talk to them. Seeing I am gone most of the time, this part of the work is mostly done by Mrs. Bouma.

With the interpreter I try to visit each home and make the rounds as often as possible. Some neighborhoods are visited more often than others, due to distance, roads, and possibly other reasons. At the best each family gets very few visits per year.

We try to somewhat centralize the work by holding meetings at centrally located places at stated times. We have done this at various places and very successfully. But then something happens that part of them move away for a time; or they are too busy to attend the meetings, and that breaks them up. And when once stopped it is hard to get started again. This necessi-

tates us to shift these meeting-places.

We also attend as many of their Chapter meetings as possible. We are always asked to speak, and although they appreciate a few remarks anent their own problems, they expect us to bring them a Gospel message. These opportunities we appreciate very much, and are mostly due to the good-will of Mr. Stacker, the Agent.

Since the Conservation Camps made their appearance, they, too, offer wonderful opportunities for Gospel work. At times we visit as many as three a week, holding meetings with the men in the evening. This brings us in contact with more educated men (returned students) than any other factor. Among them are many that have been baptized at various missions or in non-reservation schools. The way they sing hymns shows that they are familiar with them.

At most of our evening meetings we make use of a small projector, working off the battery of the car. I for myself prefer a straight Gospel talk, but I think every Indian prefers the pictures. It seems that the eye aids the ear in getting the truth we are trying to bring.

While visiting the people we distribute what literature we have. The Navajo is not a great reader, but some do long for something. Usually our supply will not cover the demand.

We have also been handing out medicines, and these have made us

many friends. Of late I have been compelled to discontinue this because of lack of funds. I am sorry to have to disappoint those that ask for some, but "nood breekt wetten." When we find those who are too ill for us to help, we often bring them to a hospital. They usually prefer our hospital at Rehoboth to one of the government.

Since Starr Lake has no resident missionary, I am supposed to somewhat look after that territory, too. Starr Lake is seventy-five miles from San Antone. I have been a few miles beyond Starr Lake (get there about twice a year) but have never covered the entire territory. That part of the Starr Lake territory that is called the Torreon district is the extreme northeast part of it. I have never been there, and



Starr Lake Mission Shack

nobody else comes there with the Gospel, since we have discontinued our worker there. And that district "swallows up" the bulk of our Crown Point converts. Many have never been heard of since they left school. Of all the places I know or, Starr Lake is most in need of a mission worker. Our present force cannot reach it and do anything like justice to the work.

Mark Bouma.

A Visit to Toadlena and a View of its Work

THE mission work of our Church in this district was started at Two Grey Hills, nearby, where mission property was purchased from the Baptists and where Mr. Mierop labored from 1913 — in all a year and two months. The founder of the present-day Toadlena is the Rev. L. P. Brink. His successor is Mr. J. C. Kobes, who writes as follows:

"Toadlena is the centre of Government and Mission activity in my corner of Navaholand. It is a nice place to live but it has a rather strange name. The spelling as we have it gives an inaccurate pronunciation of a Navajo name which has a beautiful meaning: 'outflowing waters,' or 'springing waters.'

Located in a valley, nestled against the foothills of a mountain range, Toadlena has a number of springs in its vicinity. Since this is generally a desert territory with a great scarcity of water, the presence of these springs was considered sufficiently noteworthy to result in the name *Tuh-hod-leen*, or 'spring waters.' This gives a significant meaning to the name Toadlena Mission, for do we not have the Savior's precedent for the use of springing or living water, as a symbol of these spiritual blessings which bring salvation to men? In harmony with that beautiful symbol the Toadlena Mission has been established to bring to those of the surrounding territory the knowledge of Him Who is truly the Fountain of Life, and said: 'who-

soever drinketh of the water that I shall give him, shall never thirst, but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life.'

Bringing the Message

In order that you may get a glimpse of our work, I will describe briefly what we are doing to bring the Gospel to our people.

We have two kinds of work, that of instructing girls and boys in the schools and reaching the families through evangelistic meetings and personal contacts. All of it is definitely religious work, for while we are frequently called upon for other services, our main endeavor is to bring the Word of Life.

The work with children is done at four places. The first and largest opportunity is at the *Toadlena Boarding School*. At this government institution there are about 220 Navajo children ranging from five to twenty years of age. These children live at the school nine months of the year and by parental request and arrangement with the government, we have the privilege of giving religious instruction to them. These girls and boys during the most impressionable years of their lives receive continuous and systematic instruction in Christian truth. Of course, it is true, that during the earlier years, they received at home the pagan training of their native system, and also that during their vacations they are generally thrown back into a pagan en-

vironment. Yet, Christianity has made its conquests in competition with, or in conflict with, paganism, since the day the Great Commission was given, and it has its triumphs here also. Three meetings are held each week with these children. There is Sunday School and a worship period on Sunday, and a catechism period on a weekday. There is also opportunity for voluntary attendance at other meetings.

At two other places, where we reach children who attend what are called Indian Day Schools. These children live at home and go to and from school each day. They receive lunches and meals, baths and other care at the school, but return home each night. There are 60 such children in our classes at *Nava*, thirteen miles from Toadlena, and 50 in our classes at the *Say Nos Tee* Day School, 34 miles from Toadlena. We also have a small group of Indians at the Toadlena Public School, who receive instruction in our classes. With the Day School pupils we have one period each week during which we give instruction in Sacred History and Doctrinal Truth.

For the adults and children who come from the homes in these communities we hold Gospel Meetings each week. Such weekly meetings were held during the past season at Toadlena, Nava, and Beautiful Mountain. Often we find that the children who attend the classes in the school also attend the Gospel Meetings in the evening. Encouraging numbers have attended, especially the Nava meetings, but attendance usually dwindles during the

summer months when the people go to the mountains with their families and flocks.

Camp Meetings

During the summer months, when the school meetings are of necessity discontinued, we reach a number of our people by holding Camp Meetings in various parts of



Missionary Kobes and Family

the territory. These, usually conducted by groups of missionaries who co-operate for the purpose, are held in the open air and ordinarily attract a number of people to the meetings which are held three times a day during the period.

There are always those who have insufficient interest in the Gospel to attend the meetings, some of these are reached by visits to their homes, though it is only fair to say that this phase of our work receives less attention than it should. The full program, the many duties, the great distances and limited travel allowances combine to make impossible the number of such visits which should be made. J. C. KOBES."

The Work of the Farmington Mission Post

*Labors of Rev. L. P. Brink and
Evangelist Morgan*

BE sure to look at the map to locate this place. It is pleasantly located in the valley of the San Juan river. This is the post of the veteran missionary, the Rev. L. P. Brink, our Cadmus on the Indian field. If you don't know what we mean by Cadmus, look the word up in your dictionary. "L. P." is faithfully assisted in his labors by Mr. J. C. Morgan, our Navaho evangelist, so well known among our churches because of his visits among us, a man of considerable standing among his own people, too. And his family assists him in his labors. Mrs. Morgan is one of our earliest converts, and has loyally stood by us in our work all these years.

Rev. L. P. Brink's Work

To give a glimpse of the work carried on by "L. P." and his assistant we quote from one of his reports of the preceding year: that was November, 1933, but it is typical of what is being done right along, including that in the government school at Ignacio, beyond the borders of New Mexico, see the map, and look at the pictures of the recent converts at that important place.

"At *Farmington* we have held two services every Sunday, one at 9:30 A. M. and one at 2:30 P. M. The Sunday afternoon meetings have been especially well attended.

We carried on the catechism class

at *Redrock* (see map) once a week until the close of school. The Roman Catholics made great inroads upon the work at Redrock about a year ago, since the Presbyterian missionary there was not on to his job at the time, and we are reaping the results in greatly divided interest among the Indians. The only way we can overcome the harm that has been done and gain the upperhand in the future will be by having a missionary at Redrock.

The catechism class at *Carriso* has also been carried on till just before Christmas, when they entered upon their winter vacation; they, too, will reopen on the 19th of March, and we will try to hold classes regularly. (On the map Carriso is marked *Tes Nos Pas.*)

The work at *Ignacio* has been carried on without interruption. Sunday School has been held every Sunday morning under Miss Evans. Some of our Christian Navahoes are doing well as Sunday School teachers, and we furnish the Sunday School supplies. All of the pupils, both those listed as Protestants and those listed as Roman Catholics, attend the Sunday School, about 220 in all.

Every Sunday evening we have held services in the school auditorium. The little folks did not attend, but all of the higher grades and a number of the school employees. On Monday evenings we have a catechism class of youngsters, about 80 of them, which we have been giving the Bible instruc-

tion in their own language, and we have a class of the older pupils, about 110, which we have been teaching right along. On Christmas eve, on returning from Ignacio, we were in a wreck, which badly damaged our car, and seriously injured Mr. Morgan, crushing in about four of his ribs. This laid him up for a

In language work Mr. Morgan, when he was confined to his home, undertook the final revision of the Book of Acts, and we completed it on the first of March. We are preparing some other material which we intend to include in the forthcoming edition of the Navaho Bible; we expect to have the book



"L. P." and some of his Fellow-workers.
Middle: Rev. L. P. Brink. Extreme right: J. C. Morgan.

few weeks, but we are glad to say he was restored to health. For about six weeks he was not in condition to make any trips with me, so I made them alone, and did all the teaching and preaching by myself, and I will admit it was quite strenuous at times, especially the driving in all kinds of roads and weather. The pupils are making wonderful progress in Gospel singing and in the catechism work. For the past three weeks Mr. Morgan has made the trips with me, and is beginning to relieve me of the driving.

ready for the press about midsummer or earlier. We are also working to complete translations of our Baptism, Communion, and Marriage Forms. This will require considerable work before it is complete, and we will have to publish the completed translations at our own expense.

I conducted a series of Bible addresses at the Methodist Mission School, about 50 pupils and employees attending. A number of the older pupils of this school are regular attendants at our Sunday afternoon services.

Rev. Kamps has been coming here from Rehoboth to take up language study with me, and glad to say, he has been making good progress; it sure is a long trip to make weekly, but I am glad a move has been made in that line.

whole book was cast into language that is easier understood by Indians. It is used at all Christian Reformed Mission stations, and also in a number of others; the *Shiprock Mission* (Presb.) has used it for a number of years already.



Indian Young People at Ignacio Who Confessed the Lord May 20, 1934

Dr. Kennedy, formerly at Toadlena, has continued making his home with us, and is continuing the practice of medicine among the Indians, and has been kept quite busy attending to those who call upon him. He has a dispensary in the Pond House, and Mrs. Lee has been his constant interpreter.

I found it necessary to publish a new edition of the Catechism for Indian Christians. This is the sixth edition. The fifth was published in the Fall of 1928, 2,000 copies being printed. This is the same as our Compendium, except that the

I have also a Navaho edition of the same book, which has served for quite a while already; this edition is stereotyped and the type kept on hand, ready to print at any time, thus avoiding the time and expense of re-setting. In the next Navaho edition we propose to include the forms of Baptism, Communion, and Marriage.

My auto mileage has been running in the neighborhood of 3,000 miles per month. Weekly meetings at Custer's are being resumed after a short intermission.

L. P. BRINK."

Come Along with me to Zunitown



Zuni Village Scene. In the distance the so-called Zuni Sacred Mountains.

THE ZUNI PEOPLE AND THEIR RELIGIOUS VIEWS

THE Zuni nation is a merging of three different groups, which in travelling providentially met and kept each other company. These folk travelled on many a weary mile, leisurely, when not harassed by enemies, the Apaches. At last they reached the Zuni river. When they saw it, they said: "This place our gods have selected for us. Here we make our home." Some remained on the south side, many crossed over (their Jordan) and together they built what is now called Zuni, and other villages, now in ruins.

At present the tribe numbers two thousand and thirty souls. It is gradually increasing in numbers and health. Building and improving of homes, extending the village limits, making it sanitary, is going

on apace. Every year from two to five new homes are dedicated at Shaleco, the great festival in December. In the spring many families trek off to the four farm villages, where their farms are. In the fall wagon loads of farm and garden produce are transported to the village and stored in the homes for winter consumption, or to exchange for other supplies, clothing, and so forth. Money there may not be, but food is always abundant.

This tribe is quite well off in sheep, cows and horses. Their grazing ground is far too limited. The men and older boys tend to the stock. No woman or girl is ever seen to busy herself with them. The housework in all of its ramifications is entrusted to the female part of the family. So is the upkeep of the home, outside and inside. How they do under-

stand to smear mud and spread whitewash! Grandmother tends to the neat little gardens along the riverside. Much sewing, pottery-making and bead-work is ever in evidence. Quite a few of the men

eagerness to obtain presents, receive service, have a good time. Taking them as a whole, we think that they are lovable people. O, how we do desire to win them for Christ! What Christians they



Zuni Gardens

are silversmiths. And good ones, too. They haul the wood, tend to the farms, and work for Uncle Sam under the "New Deal." Much time is spent by all taking part in and viewing the tribal dances.

The more we become acquainted the stronger certain characteristics impress one. As f. i. the very evident mutual affection in the family and throughout the nation, the hospitality so general, the keen mentality, of some of the old men specially, the innate courtesy, readiness to promise, the willingness to ask and take advice, shrewdness in bargaining, spendthriftiness when money or goods are plenty, determination to be free of all servitude,

would be if once thoroughly converted to God, in Christ, through the Holy Spirit. "Christian Reformed Christians?" Maybe. But that is not the main thing they are to be converted to. Though I would much like to win them for the church I love above any other and may serve, though but poorly at best. Oh God, grant it graciously. Do Thou beget a congregation in this village of those that are saved and travelling heavenward.

The Mission Labors in Zunitown and Environs

The Christian Reformed Church began her Mission labors among this people October 11, 1897, the

day and year Mr. Andrew Vanderwagen arrived here with his wife and baby boy. Rev. Herman Frijling became missionary February 1, 1907. Rev. Calvin G. Hayenga became his co-worker on

Vanderwagen; one general roustabout: Andrew Othelo; and myself. We must leave much undone, but can witness that the Lord repeatedly encourages us, when we would strengthen ourselves in Him.



Zuni Complex of Buildings:
From left to right—church, quarters for workers, school

September 26, 1925. November, 1931, the latter brother and the writer exchanged fields, he going to the Navajoes at Two Wells, the latter settling in the manse at Zuni.

Zuni is the mission field of Classis Muskegon. Since 1915 this body paid the salary of the missionary. But since the above exchange she does it no more. Our Board of Missions sends the missionary his check, the loving gift of a departed sister and her surviving brother. In all 21 persons have been in mission service here, in one capacity or another, during the 34 years from 1897 to 1931. At present we are four strong; six, with our wives; seven, with our Zuni laborer. Two teachers: Marie Vos and Nellie Lam. One assistant: Edward

Jesus is with us as He promised.

The visible results of the Christian Reformed Mission endeavor among this people are very meager. The hindrances are many. The problems multiply. One not acquainted with circumstances here, or only considering them with a bias, superficially, as has been the case at times, cannot understand the enervating influences, detrimental to a virile, fruitful Christianity our Christian young people are subject to, or come under, as they return home from non-reservation Indian Schools. Every effort is made and persisted in, to bring those who have been admitted to Church membership back to the religion of the forefathers. And oft these converts are unwary, off their guard, anxious to please their

folks, and attracted to the ceremonies they know so well, and somewhat worldly minded. The odds against them are fearful, and they are so unacquainted with Christian warfare and tactics.



Borstius' Catechism Class in front of Zuni Building

Slowly but surely many go back to the old life, with a bit of Christianity glimmering through now and then. They are to be sincerely pitied, as they struggle. A few recognize their danger and would have things different. O the pity of it all!

This last paragraph is not a wail, nor are we chronically discouraged. We trust that the Lord will take care of His own, revive them unto brave, constant, Daniel-like following of the Lord. Whom they confessed before many witnesses and, through them, too, draw some of the other men and women unto Himself in faith and love. Pray with us that the work of the Kingdom of heaven like unto the leaven the woman hid in three measures of meal. The promise stands: "*Lo I am with you always*, even unto the end of the world. Amen. And

they went forth and *preached everywhere*, the Lord working with them, and confirming the Word with signs following. Amen." Notice the two Amens. Our Lord confirms His promises with repeated oaths. Lord, increase our faith and zeal with wisdom.

JOHN W. BRINK.

With the Zuni Children

THE school at Zuni is not a large one but gives an overabundance of work for two teachers. During 1933-1934 we had an enrollment of 80 pupils, who range in ages from 6 to 18. These children are in grades one to seven, plus a beginners class.

The big problems of the first year are the language question and the one of getting adjusted to an entirely new way of living. Of course, our little Zunies speak only their native language when they enter school. They are used to doing about as they please when at home. When they enter school they hear and must learn English, a foreign language, to them. They must learn to obey and to adjust themselves to the new situation. At first they are a bit shy but this gradually wears off and they can hold their own among the others. They are generally ready to do what is asked of them. Occasionally, one thinks he knows better and refuses to go any way but his own. Then he must be taken to task and be put back on the right track.

The language question offers many difficulties. Sometimes it

takes more than a little bit of imagination to know what the children mean. But usually we manage to understand each other within a short time. It is surprising how some little folks will come and try to tell things which interest them. Some time ago an airplane landed in a field near the schoolhouse and we took all the children over to see it. The smaller children found the tail, wings, lights, wheels, seat, and so on. A few days later a little beginner came running into the schoolhouse at recess calling, "Elephant come, elephant come." We went out together and she pointed to the sky saying, "Elephant," but meaning, "Airplane." A little classmate of hers said, "Not elephant, airplane, airplane no sit down." By this he meant that the plane was not going to land but was going on. At another time one came in saying, "Jack my home hit," meaning, "Jack hit me on the way home." Thus they try to make themselves understood and by the end of the first year can help themselves fairly well.

During the first two years the children not only get the Bible stories in English, but once a week Mr. Edward Vanderwagen tells the story in Zuni. Our Zuni children know very little about praying in the Christian's way. So these little people must be taught to pray with closed eyes and hands folded. We teach them little prayers which we pray together at the opening and closing of school. A few of them have told us that they pray these prayers before they go to bed. We pray that God may bless them and make them His children.

The older children are not as quick to express themselves to us as the little ones are. They are very self-conscious when making mistakes and are afraid of ridicule from the others. They, too, do



Rev. and Mrs. J. W. Brink

their school work, hear the Bible stories, learn their catechism lessons and are instructed therein, but when excused from school they seem to forget these things and apparently are more interested in their own pagan religion. There are both social and religious dances in which they can, and do partake. Some of these dances take place in the afternoon after school, some during the night. When a school child attends or participates in one of these or is initiated into a particular order his mind is entirely occupied with that, and one can easily understand how he is unfit for schoolwork the next day, and how little effect the Gospel can have on such a one. But to forsake these old traditions and cus-

toms would be a disgrace to them, to their parents, and to their tribe. It would mean ridicule and, in a measure, persecution, in fact nothing less than to be an outcast.

Still we are convinced that when the Spirit of God is going to work there will be a willingness and a readiness to bear persecution and to suffer for His sake. We work with the children, talk to them and try to win them for Christ, but we cannot change their hearts. We must leave that to God. He alone

can and will do that in His own time.

Friends, do not measure the work at Zuni by the number of converts, for then our work is of no avail as far as we can see, but rather pray that God may take these benighted, superstitious people out of the darkness of sin into His marvelous light. Help us with your gifts and pray that we may be found faithful in carrying on the Master's work.

Nellie Lam.
Marie Vos.



Part of Christian Group, Nahaschitti

CHINA



This map of the city of Jukao, Kiangsue Province, is just a reminder of the fact that in China mission work is carried on under the auspices of the Christian Reformed Board of Missions, 737 Madison Ave., S. E., Grand Rapids, Michigan, U. S. A.